

Capital Will Lose Many of Its Most Popular Figures When Terms Expire.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11. HERE will be many changes in Washington circles as a result of the election—many welcome changes so far as society is concerned, for the shakeup may remove from the capital many of its outstanding and most popular figures.

From the purely social point of view each of the Senatorial defeats, if it means elimination from Washington, will spell a distinct loss to society. Mrs. Mondell as wife of the Republican floor leader in the House has been, next to Mrs. Gillett, the ranking woman in the Congressional set. Congressional women, regardless of party, have liked her a whole lot. She has been one of them for nearly twenty-five years, and she and her pretty daughter, who graduated from Goucher in Baltimore a year or two ago, was duly presented to society in Washington the following season, have hosts of warm friends here.

Dorothy Mondell has practically grown up here; indeed, I'm not sure that she is not born here. She's a pretty girl, a delicate featured blonde.

The Frank Kelloggs will leave quite a large hole socially. The Kelloggs are just Senator and Mrs. Kellogg, no family. Senator Kellogg was a notable lawyer, a partner of the late Senator Cushman K. Davis and of Cordellius Cushman, and he did some famous trust busting in his day. If Washington has to bid them good-bye it will be with regret.

The Calders, like the Kelloggs, have no young people to bring them into the capital gaieties since their daughter, Elsie, married during the world war, and with a little family growing up around her in Brooklyn only manages an occasional visit to Washington. Senator and Mrs. Calder have divided their time between their home in Brooklyn and Washington. When they are here they take life easily at the Willard. Mrs. Calder is a striking looking woman, straight and slender. Her clothes are of the latest. She has a few white hairs, not silvery like Mrs. Harding's, but white.

One of the real tragedies in a social way was the defeat of Senator Frelinghuysen. He is a Wainwright sort of a person physically and one of the best of good fellows socially. He is rather an unusual combination, the son of one of our families and a self-made man. His family has been settled right in the neighborhood in which he was born, and still lives, for more than 200 years. It seems to me that when he was in the Senate's Cabinet and lived in what is now the Gist Blair house, almost opposite the State War and Navy Building. But the family fortunes, suffered a severe slump about the time that the present Senator was growing up and he was not able to complete his college course. He had to get out and go to work, and he did it. He is at the head of a very big business, insurance, which he built up himself. He has more than retrieved the family fortunes. I heard a rumor that he was in a position to know that at least \$50,000 a year for his private office, which is almost a city block in extent, in the heart of the financial district in New York.

He selected one of the most all-around attractive women in Washington for his wife and the mother of his children, of whom there are three or four. Mrs. Frelinghuysen is charming. She has personality and character. She is distinctly a leader of the smart set here, and one of the best known arguments for its continued existence. I'm quite crazy about her myself. She's one of the most graceful and gracious hostesses in Washington. She has recently succeeded to the presidency of the Congressional Club—she was first vice-president, and Mrs. Lenroot, the president, was obliged to resign because of failing health—and one can't but regret that since her husband's term in the Senate will expire simultaneously with hers, she will not be eligible for reelection. The Congressional Club elects its officers for a term of two years, running coincidentally with the life of each Congress and it usually gives its presidents two terms.

Another Loss. One feels reasonably sure that Mrs. Frelinghuysen's charm and tact will give the club added prestige and strength the coming winter, and personally I am more than sorry that they are not to remain in the Senate long enough for little Miss Victoria, their eldest and very attractive daughter, to make her debut here as an official bud. She will not be ready for a formal launching for two or three years yet, but she's such a pretty thing, and her mother is at once such a good mother and such a good hostess that one feels reasonably sure that she will be a most successful bud when her time comes.

Equally, the Sutherlands are going to be missed. Senator and Mrs. Sutherland have been part of official life here for the last ten years, as Senator Sutherland was for two terms in the House before coming to the Senate. They have had a family of lively likeable young people, one son and four or five daughters, who have grown up and made their debuts—it seems to me that there is still one who is away at school or college—and in due time married and gone. They have divided their time between Washington and their home in West Virginia and the girls seem to have preferred to marry in their own state. They are the sort of normal wholesome family that you like to consider "typical American" and it was a real regret to learn

that Senator Sutherland had failed of reelection. As for Senator France and Senator du Pont and some of the others, they will of course be missed—but after all they live fairly near to Washington, and one has a feeling that they will not be entirely eliminated. Moreover, while I like Mrs. France—I confess I don't know her husband—I am sure to miss her from her accustomed haunts in the Willard. There seems to be a general impression that William Bruce Cabell, rising Baltimore lawyer and overseas veteran of the world war, will be a distinct acquisition. So that cloud has a silver lining.

Welcome for Copeland.

He's about the only newly elected Senator of whom I have any preconceived opinion, except, to be sure, Dr. Copeland, who will succeed Senator Calder in due course of time. Somehow I'm hopeful about Dr. Copeland, too. He seems a human sort of person, gifted with good humor and a sense of humor. He's been health officer of New York, you know, and is a physician of repute.

As for the House, I haven't had time to digest the changes there at all. Still, I think that the new House will be a more comfortable bipartisan board of commission and keep them in Washington. I've been told that Harding was very good friends with his former Senatorial colleague and that stranger things had happened. Still nothing has to happen till after March 4. So let's leave the post mortems and turn to something more cheerful.

Most of the gaiety of the last two weeks has centered around the British Embassy, outside of the usual little preliminary whirl of the debutantes, but that has been so entirely among themselves—the girls of the coming season getting acquainted with one another and with those who have immediately preceded them—that it hasn't made much of an impression on the various circles of established society. Once they are really out, they'll be presented for consideration, society will stop, look, listen to them. Meanwhile it is fairly busy with its own affairs and its own plans. But the British Embassy and the British Embassy "crowd" has been occupied first with a round of parties for two popular members of its staff, and then with a whirl of hectic entertaining which revolved around Lord Louis Mountbatten and his bride, who reached Washington last Tuesday a day behind

their schedule, with Col. Robert M. Thompson, who has had them on a personally conducted tour of the country, winding up with a couple of weeks of houseboating and presumably idling in Florida waters.

Much Entertaining.

Capt. Sidney Bailey, the retiring naval attaché of the embassy, and Maurice D. Peterson, the junior secretary of the embassy, both popular members of the staff, were going home "for keeps"—and, of course, they will be missed. In Capt. Bailey's case members of the staff and other friends in Washington were seizing their first opportunity to entertain his bride. As Mildred Bromwell she had been playing around with the British Embassy set for two or three or four years, ever since that not soon to be forgotten visit of the Prince of Wales in the fall of 1915, which, if memory serves, was about the time of her debut. Which made it all the harder that they couldn't do any entertaining for her either when her engagement was announced or when she was married.

For just after the engagement was announced last June pretty Mildred Bromwell had to go into a hospital for an appendicitis operation, and as soon as she was well enough to travel they took her out to Michigan to her grandmother, Mrs. Matthew Scott's summer home, to recuperate. And then Capt. Bailey was sent down to Brazil with his country's delegation for the opening of the centennial exposition there early in September, so the wedding was hastened, and it wasn't until their return to this country for a couple of weeks before going to England that their friends in the embassy and out had a chance at them.

There were some few parties for the Baileys that were not also for Mr. Peterson. But in most instances the E. P. C. entertaining was for both. For Maurice Peterson was not merely popular with the gay embassy juniors and the lighthearted youngsters that they play around with, but he was very highly thought of by his seniors, both British

and American. One heard rather more of him than of most as a very thoroughly trained, highly competent young diplomat, who was likely to go far in the career he had chosen. Also there was some entertaining for him which did not include the Baileys; particularly there was a party which the embassy butlers gave for him at their house on upper Sixteenth street next to the Key Pittman.

Both the Baileys and Mr. Peterson left Washington on Sunday and sailed last Tuesday—and half the embassy staff went to New York to see them off and to participate in more farewell parties that had been arranged for them there. Mrs. Otto Kahn and Miss Barbara Kahn had arranged a tea for them and some of the staff gave a luncheon for them and they dined on their last night with Mrs. Bromwell, Mrs. Bailey's mother, who had gone up to New York to see them off, so that altogether they got away in a blaze of glory.

Domestic officialdom was too dazed by the election results to pay as much attention as it would otherwise have done to Lord and Lady Mountbatten. Perhaps it's just as well, for had Washington been up to its usual form that attractive young couple would probably have had to take a rest cure. As it was they had rather a hectic time, even though they had taken the edge off their own sightseeing program and accommodated a few of those who wanted to entertain them during a thirty-six hour visit a fortnight ago when they came to Washington with Col. Thompson for the Navy day celebration, and more especially for the Navy League dinner that night. During that flying visit ten days earlier, for which the Navy League dinner had been the ostensible excuse, the Mountbattens had done their duty by Mount Vernon. They had paid their respects to the President and done quite a little sightseeing. They were that much ahead. This time they reached Washington on election day and found Mr. Thompson and Miss Sykes already installed in the Thomas Nelson Page

house, which Col. Thompson had rented. Except for a small dinner party at the Thompsons—quite informal—no attempt was made to entertain for them on Tuesday, but Wednesday, Thursday and Friday they were kept pretty much on the go.

The Lawrence Townsends gave a tea for them on Wednesday afternoon—the Mountbattens having called on them during that earlier flying visit ten days ago, when Lord Mountbatten was delighted at his hostess's reminiscences of his father's visit during the Roosevelt regime. Col. and Mrs. Thompson gave a brilliant dinner for them that night, with the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes as their ranking guests. It was a highly official company, including as it did the Secretary of War and Mrs. Weeks, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, the Solicitor-General and Mrs. James M. Beck, Admiral and Mrs. Brownson, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, Mrs. James Carroll Fraser, John Hays Hammond and others of about the same caliber.

Next day Col. Thompson had a comparatively small luncheon for his guests, and in the evening Mrs. James Carroll Fraser gave a dinner in their honor. Yesterday they went out to Pimlico to see the races, under the chaperonage of Gen. Bethell, Military Attaché of the embassy, and last night the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes entertained in their honor. Incidentally the Geddeses were entertaining also for the Ambassador's brother, Sir Eric Geddes, who reached New York yesterday and came down to Washington to spend a few days at the embassy with Sir Auckland. This visit is rather prominently labeled "strictly unofficial," in striking contrast to Sir Eric's previous visit when he came on an official visit, he being First Sea Lord, and as such entertained with a good deal of ceremony.

To-day, Armistice Day, the Mountbattens are at Annapolis, the Naval Academy and the stately little old town. They are the guests of Admiral and Mrs. Wilson and will see everything worth seeing—and probably

"then some." There is to be a ball in their honor there this evening, closing a rather strenuous week, and as I understand it they will then head north, and before very long will be homeward bound once more. For Lord Mountbatten is on leave, and draws only half pay while he's away. And he himself is authority for the statement that in such circumstances he can't afford to stay away too long.

It reminds one that there seems to be no very big celebration of Armistice Day here. Last year they were burying the Unknown Soldier with solemn rites, the nations of the earth taking part, through their most distinguished citizens and statesmen, assembled in Washington for the arms conference, which opened formally the following day.

Of course there are a number of patriotic organizations celebrating, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is giving a big dinner for the National Woman's Party officers and executives at the Willard this evening—some 200 guests, I believe—and some really distinguished women are to be present. I understand that Mrs. Robert Gossett, one of the founders of the Woman's Party, is here for the dinner, and Mrs. Charles L. Whitman, Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer and a whole list of others.

The Pennsylvania Society is planning an Armistice Day celebration, but it is to have it the evening of the 15th—next Wednesday. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, who was Chief of Staff and afterward a member of the Peace Commission in Paris, is to be the guest of honor and to tell of the original historic Armistice Day and something of the part that Pennsylvania played during the world war. He is in a position to do it as he is a native of the Keystone State. He was born in Lewisburg, Pa.

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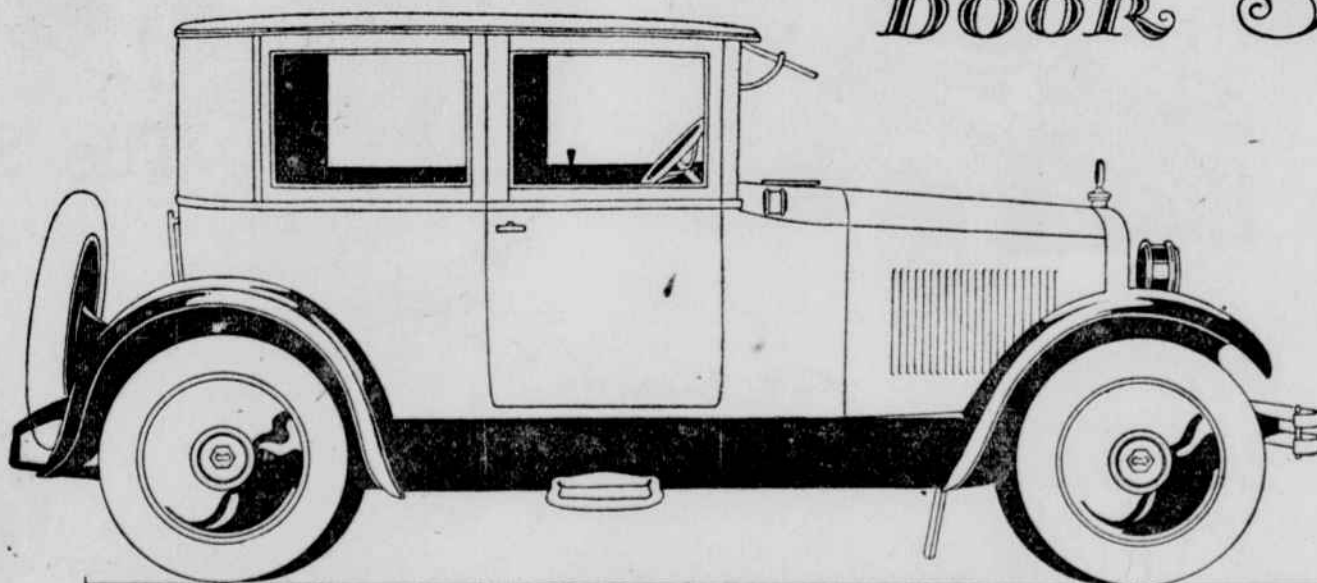
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